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MISSIONARY LINK

FOR THE

Woman's Union Missionary Society of America

FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

VOL. 7. *JANUARY, 1876.* No. 1.

The sixteenth year of our little messenger is just commencing; but with the thanksgiving which goes from our hearts, for the mercies of the work it represents, a wail of sorrow is mingled, as we sadly number the vacant places which a short twelvemonth has made for us. On the threshold of a new year sounds with the peal of a clarion urging us to more earnest labor, the words, "The night cometh in which no man can work." Therefore "whatsoever" Jesus "saith unto you, *do it.*"

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

REPORTS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.

INDIA—Calcutta.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Brittan.

DEATH BY THE GANGES.

It is surprising how missionaries will make mistakes when they speak of one part of the Mission field distant from their own. When I was in America I heard a missionary from the northern part of India, say that he was glad that now the English Government did not permit the Hindus to carry those who were dying,

down to the side of the Ganges to die, for that custom had been utterly abolished. I suppose the good man had heard this somewhere, and hoped it might be true; but we who live on the Ganges know differently. Now the very next house to us is occupied by a wealthy native family, but they are very bigoted, and they will not let us teach them. About three weeks ago, we were awakened in the night by loud cries from there, and we soon distinguished the words, "Huri bola" which we knew full well. These words are always repeated in a loud mournful scream. "Huri," is the god of the dead, and "bola" is speak. While they are carrying the dying down to the banks of the Ganges, they are shouting these two words. It is supposed to be an invocation to the god of death to speak kind and comforting words. It is very sad to hear this cry at all hours, and to know they are carrying a poor, sick person down to the Ganges, really to murder him.

Yesterday, a similar scene took place in the daytime. The cries were louder than usual. On looking out, there was a sick old woman stretched on a sort of bed, and as they went along the poor old thing, though weak and feeble, was struggling to get off the bed, as she did not want to go to "Huri." She knew that if she was carried to the Ganges it was to die, for it is a dreadful disgrace to be brought back. After they are laid by the side of the river, so much of the Ganges water is forced down the throats of the sick persons that it really is murder. Formerly they never were permitted, in any case, to go back, but the English Government insist if the person recovers that he shall be taken home. The family then have to pay a very large sum of money to the Brahmin priests to prevent their losing caste. Oh! it is terrible to see so many of these poor people going down to death, eternal death. We do all we can to teach them and give to them the Word of God to dispel the darkness from their minds. Oh! that the day may soon come, when all these poor people "shall know and understand of the river of the water of Life, flowing out from the Throne of God."

A SAD WEDDING.

The customs of this people are very strange. They are divided

into four castes, and everybody must be married to his or her own caste. The high-caste Brahmins may marry a good many wives. The first wife must be of his caste, but the others may be lower. If he marries a woman of lower caste, it is supposed that he confers an honor upon all her family. A little while ago an old Brahmin, over eighty, was carried down and laid by the Ganges to die. They brought a little girl only eight years old who was married to this old man. Her father and mother thought it was a great honor for their daughter to marry a Brahmin. So they did not care what the poor little girl suffered, for of course the moment the old man died, she was a widow, and had to bear all her life the suffering attached to that condition. The higher the caste of a man, the greater the privations his widow will have to bear.

LOW-CASTE TEACHER.

I went yesterday with our native teacher Khanto, to visit some of the houses where she teaches. She always goes on quietly and steadily with her work, and is one of those with whom I have had very little trouble. She is not very bright, but makes up for that by perseverance. Her parents became Christians after her birth. Khanto is of a very low caste, and all of that caste have a peculiar, indelible black mark on the forehead made in infancy, and as her parents were heathen at the time of her birth, this mark was given her. This was very much against her when she first began to teach, for very many women of the high caste refused to learn of her, or even permit her to enter their houses ; but fortunately this prejudice is gradually wearing away. At the first house we went to, Khanto was only teaching one woman, a high-caste Brahmin. This woman was also very bigoted, as are all the family, and we cannot get them to read the Bible. I told Khanto she must pray, and work, and wait, remembering the text : "The husbandman hath long patience, and waiteth for the precious fruits ;" and so also must we. Khanto works very hard, with a sick husband and three little children to support.

SICK SCHOLAR.

Romanee, who has been teaching so long with us, has had to

leave the work. The great difficulty here is, that the native Christians find little work to do, and oftentimes the husbands of our teachers are out of employment for months, dependent upon the earnings of their wives. It is so in this case. The husband has for a long time been out of work, but now has obtained employment at a distance from the city, and so Romanee has left us. I have taken one in her place whose name is Grace; although married, she looks very young, and is very pretty. She has at present, charge of a small school, but she controls the children beautifully, and has more idea of management than most of the native women.

I went with her the other day to visit her school in one of the Bo's rooms. The children are all studying in different places, and she has to hear their lessons separately. I was surprised to see how she managed to keep them all occupied. Their catechism they all recited together, some Scripture verses and little hymns. I gave each of them a bright, little, colored picture, with which they were delighted. One of the little scholars, a child of the woman in whose room the school is held, was lying on the bed very sick with intermittent fever. I said to the mother: "I do not think you ought to have the school here, for it must make that poor little sick girl's head ache." "Oh, no; she wishes it here for she loves her school and her teacher very much; the children do not make a noise, and she likes to look at them, as it amuses her." Our poor little Bengali girls are not like English children, who have so much more to amuse them. This little girl was very sick and I told the mother she must pray to the true God for her child. Grace told me to-day she was much worse and they think she will die. Poor little girl, happier for her if she does, for then we shall know she has gone right home to God.

Extracts of Letters from Mrs. Page.

CALL FROM A HINDU LADY.

I must tell you about a visit paid me when I was ill, by an aged Hindu lady. She knocked at my door, and I said, "Come in," thinking it was one of the native women. When asked to sit

down on a chair by my bedside, she nodded and smiled, making herself comfortable, as if she had been used to chairs all her life. "Child," she said, "why do you lie here?" I told her I was ill. "Still," she said, "in spite of the pain, it must be very pleasant to lie in this place, for your room is just like Heaven." "Ah, mother," I replied, "the pictures you see will not last for ever, the flowers will be faded to-morrow; I, who now talk to you, must at all times be ready for the journey, from which no traveler returns; but in Heaven there is no sorrow, no sighing, no broken hearts, all is bright and fair. The Saviour, who died to save us, 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely,' is there the blissful centre, on whom all eyes gaze, and in whom all longing desires find their fulfilment." She listened very attentively, and seemed much prepossessed in favor of the Christian religion, but has not made up her mind yet. I tried to impress upon her the necessity of a prompt decision. "Why, child," she exclaimed, "I believe in your God, but I cannot go about telling everybody, for I should immediately be put out of caste." I told her how wicked men had mocked our Lord, and spat in His blessed face, scourged Him, and wagged their heads at Him. How wonderfully He must have loved and pitied sinners, to bear it all, and be silent, "as a sheep before her shearers." She became very thoughtful when I said this, telling me she would think about it, and pray to God. When she rose to go, she turned to me with these words, "It is easy for you, ladies, to be good; everything around you is in harmony with holy and happy thoughts. Our houses are dark and comfortless, full of jealousies and bickerings. I will come again some day, and hear about your God and the Bible." I longed to tell her more fully about the home that eye hath not seen, the sweet and holy melodies that mortal ear hath not heard. I have not seen the dear woman since; yet I hope the fowls of the air have not devoured all the good seed I tried to sow.

RAYS OF LIGHT.

A little pupil said to me, "O, mem, I do not worship our house idol any more, it has a great ugly face, and has never uttered a

single word. I do not even take the trouble to gather flowers for it, though every one says it is a god. Last week, a woman after reading the twelfth chapter of Romans, said, "If we minded all that is written in the Bible, what a blissful place this earth would be. My spirit feels peaceful when I peruse God's Word." This woman's husband is a good English scholar, and I am told reads the Bible sometimes, but he is always away from home when I teach his wife, so I never have an opportunity of speaking to him, though I often give his little daughter a tract for him. Three generations live in the house, sometimes four, all crowded together. The Babu's mother looks as if she might have been in the ark with Noah; she is so old that she cannot sit up. We are great friends. Said she, "Why, do you always bring your Bible and your God into everything? If, as you say He lives in the sky, so far above us, how can He care for what we poor people do on the earth?" "If he did not love us, mother," I replied, "He would not have sent His Son into the world to be our ransom. He is not an idol of wood, or of stone, but an everliving God, who loves His people with an everlasting love. Tell all this to my children and grandchildren," the old woman exclaimed, "and let me die as I have lived." I seek every opportunity of speaking a word to her, and I want you to pray for us, that we may have grace given us, "to sow diligently beside all waters."

Extracts of Letters from Miss Woodward.

UNHEALTHFUL HOME.

My work increases in interest, for my women receive religious instruction, as a rule, with more attention than their other studies. I have three pupils who have had no day-teaching, yet wish to continue the Bible lessons. Two of them are reading Matthew's Gospel. One asked, if she could not leave off the Old Testament, part of Barth's Bible Stories, and begin the New Testament. The Gospel history interested her more. Another had been visiting her father a short time. When she returned she brought a little girl with her; she sent right away to her friends, where I was teaching, and wished me to come and see her. Fearing I might not

come, she sent her servant the second time, so anxious was she for me to call. She wished me to show her how to cut and fit garments for her new charge, and she is getting along very nicely in making them. This Bo lives in one of the most unhealthy places I visit. A large drain which we have to cross on a little bridge of crumbling logs runs by her window, and the little compound we enter is not large enough to accommodate a good-sized cow. The air is so bad that I took her some disinfecting powder the other day for our mutual benefit, which she promised to use. In this foul neighborhood lies my most important work. These three Bos were my first pupils, and are the most interesting and promising whom it is my privilege to teach. If they would only receive the precious Word as gladly as they do His feeble messenger.

In one of the houses I have a sick Bo, who was formerly a pupil of dear Miss Chase. One day we read from Mark, the second chapter, where they let the sick of the palsy down through the roof at Jesus' feet. Before I could make any comment, she put out her thin hand, took the Testament and read it herself, as if she doubted this story could all be there. We both involuntarily kept silent until she had finished. In speaking of the Judgment Day, she said, appreciatively, "That will be a dreadful day." At my next visit, I found her much worse. On asking her what I should then read, she replied, "Where Jesus says, come to Him." I turned to the closing verses of Matthew the eleventh, and explained as we read. She seemed to listen, and her beautiful hazel eyes at times were raised, as if in prayer. She exclaimed, "You can preach," and then ejaculated to herself, "It is true." It was a joy to me to think she felt it so. I was unable to see her for two weeks after her illness increased. When we called, her face brightened, and she wished to know why we had not been before. I told her she had been too ill, and asked her, if she thought about Christ; she said, "Yes." We talked, and read a little; she then asked me to sing. After explaining the words, I sang, "I have a Father in the promised land." When I had finished, one of her daughters asked if I could not get the hymn for her in Bengali; she wished we would call next week. They had taken her from the floor and placed her on a bed at the other end of that dark,

dreary room. She is so sweet and uncomplaining, so passive and willing to suffer, she feels that God is punishing her for something she has done ; but I told her God was dealing with her in love. He wished to bring her to a knowledge of Himself through the dear Jesus. She seemed to like that thought.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Harriss.

THE SISTERS.

When I commenced my Zenana work, I taught in a house where two girls grew very fond of me. The younger unmarried sister used to go to the other houses with me. In this way she heard a good deal of the Bible, but never showed any signs of interest or attention. After teaching them about six months, they went into the country. Passing the house every week, I frequently asked the servant whether they had returned. The answer always was : "They will come next month." About a month ago the house was open, and down stairs the brother and servant were sitting. "When is the Bo coming?" I asked. To my surprise, they both jumped up, and rushing to the door, said : "Come in, come in, they came to-day and will be so pleased to see you."

The little unmarried one (now married) came forward, and in answer to my question, "Do you remember me?" said, "Oh, yes, and you can talk Bengali now." The delight in their faces spoke still more strongly than their words, and their welcome could not have been kinder. I asked the little one if she could read. "Oh, yes," she said, "and you will come and teach me." The elder sister, who from a fall is not able to rise from her bed, listens attentively to all I teach, and has promised to read the "Gospel of Matthew" and "Come to Jesus."

FESTIVAL.

The Doorga Poojahs holidays are close at hand, which is a festive time with the Hindus. Doorga, who reigns over the festival, is one of the most important of the goddesses. There are great preparations to be made, therefore our pupils do not pursue their lessons. It seems more like our Christmas, for their friends

and relatives come together and there is a general rejoicing. Many of our pupils have no longer faith in false gods, but they have to make preparations for husbands and friends.

I would ask you to join us in praying that the weak ones may be strengthened to confess, instead of yielding to the great temptation of denying Christ before men. They need all our prayers and only God can help them. Would that you could see the work for yourselves. It would interest and excite your sympathies, and, if possible, induce you to make further efforts in their behalf.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Sunder.

DECIDED INTEREST.

Our work has not been so constant the past month as at other times, as it has been a very unhealthy season, and a number of houses have been closed. Apart from my usual work, I did a little visiting last month. I entered a house where I saw two pleasant-looking women, and a staid old native lady, their mother. On inquiry, I found they had been studying for some time; in fact, they were very far advanced in Bengali. I asked them if they would like to continue their instruction in connection with our Mission. They expressed their willingness to do so, but the old lady objected to the religious instruction. I tried to reason her out of it, and in a few simple words showed her the beauty of Christianity. I have another interesting case; it is like the dawning of light in a very dark heart. One of my pupils, a bright little woman about twenty-five years old, has a sister living with her a little older than herself, who has been a widow from her sixth year. This woman has been in the habit of constantly imposing penance on herself for the good of her husband's soul.

I remarked, that when I spoke about Jesus and His love, she would keep out of the room. Lately a robbery has been committed on the person of the great Goddess Kali. This incident seems to have worked a great revolution in the woman's mind. I will give you her own words on the subject: "If she was truly God, why had she not the power to strike the thieves

blind on the spot, for daring to touch her?" I have noticed a great change in this woman of late. She always makes it a point to be present especially at the Scripture-lesson, and instead of reciting in a lounging position, she sits upright and asks many questions as we proceed. At this change I greatly rejoice.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Coles.

I have two schools. In the first there are fifty scholars, and in the second twenty-five. My second school I find very interesting. The children, though not far advanced, are very intelligent, and always anxious to learn something new. They are all fond of learning hymns, and after school they ask me to teach them the tunes which some of the girls sing very well. Besides these schools, I have fourteen zenanas, which I visit once a week. Some of the women take great pains to improve. I visited a house not long ago, where my scholar is a girl fourteen years old, though she looks a great deal older. She is very bright, and is always cheerful. After I had given the secular lesson, I took up her Scripture history book, and as I was about to open it, she said, "Not to-day." She had been reading in previous lessons the miracles of Christ, and had hitherto taken so much interest in them, that I was very much surprised to find her unwilling to learn more that day. But at last she said, "I am afraid to read this book, lest my sister-in-law hears me doing so; but if you will read to me a little, I shall not get into any trouble." She enjoys having a little talk with me after the lesson. I think some of our pupils are Christians at heart, but they are afraid of persecution if they confess their belief.

ALLAHABAD.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Ward.

FLOOD IN ALLAHABAD.

The journey from Mussoorie to our new home was quite comfortably made, notwithstanding the heat, which we felt all the more after the coolness of the Himalayas.

We stopped one night at Dr. Herron's, in Dehra, and were greatly pleased with the native Christian boarding-school, under the care of Miss Pratt.

At eight o'clock in the evening we reached Saharunpore, where we spent a day with another good missionary, Mr. Calderwood. His wife was at the hills, but we had an opportunity of seeing something of her work, which is similar to our own. A day and a night by rail brought us to Allahabad.

Four days after our arrival here such a rain commenced as Allahabad has not seen for half a century. It rained in torrents, day after day. The Jumna and Ganges rivers both began to rise and overflow their banks. Allahabad is at the junction of these rivers, and the Ganges makes a bend here, so that the city is almost an island. An embankment, which Akbar had made as a protection for the place, broke away in our part, and the water came rushing in, breaking down houses, uprooting great trees, and causing much trouble and damage generally. As day after day the rain continued, we saw the danger threatening; but just as these fears were expressed, the rain lessened and the water began to subside.

There was no loss of life reported, but the poor feel it badly. It was a sad sight to see whole families moving away; some carrying their beds, clothes, and working utensils, and depositing all under the trees in a higher part of the city.

Government will do, and has done, all it can; but there is still much suffering. This flood so injured our house that it will not be tenable for three months; but we have hired rooms, and are very comfortable. We hope to have here a happy home and a field of great usefulness.

Extracts of Letters from MISS LATHROP.

[Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.]

USEFULNESS IN A NEW HOME.

It seemed like a change from one hemisphere to another the day we came down the hills. We left a fire in our grate, which was only comfortable, and after a two hours' ride in a conveyance carried by coolies, found ourselves in an atmosphere so hot that punkahs and ice-water seemed the first requisite. The ride over the Sub-Himalayas from Dehra was very charming, although we were in a crazy, rattling old omnibus, with fractious horses, that sometimes came down the steep mountain-side at a pace which nearly took away our breath, and then again refused to stir a step.

The lanes in the native quarter of the city are very narrow, and in some places so low that the main street of the bazaar passes over them. In a hard rain, coming often with the least possible warning, these lanes are so many streams of water, and woe to one of us if she allows herself to be caught in the rain far away from her gharry, which, of course, must wait standing in the broad street. If we see a rain coming, we generally make our way out without delay. One day in August, a lady being too much engaged in teaching to watch the clouds, was overtaken in a zenana, and obliged to stay until almost nightfall, while another one was sitting in the gharry waiting for her.

The women here are mostly young, and appear to care even more for the visits of missionaries than our Calcutta pupils. Little as the monotony of zenana life is broken there by visiting, it is still less here, as there are no houses of near relatives to which the women go. As I go among them, I find them most interesting; but some who have been taught the longest, are strong in the Hindoo faith. One, a most intelligent woman, who is reading the Fifth English Reader and the New Testament in English also, seemed inclined, the first time I visited her, to say nothing on religious matters, though listening respectfully to all I had to say on the chapter we read together. The next time I went to her, before beginning the Bible lesson, I said to her, "Bo, I would like to know just what you believe about the Christian religion, if you will tell me? Do not say anything just because you think it will please me, but tell the truth." She replied, "If

you ask, I will tell you. I cannot see any truth in it as the Word of God. It teaches not to lie, not to steal, and to do good to every one. This I try to do, because I can see it is right, not because I love Jesus." I was sorry to see that years of good teaching and reading the Bible had made no more impression upon her heart, but glad that she had the honesty to avow her real sentiments, that I might know from the beginning what I had to meet. I do not feel discouraged about her. The Spirit may yet take some word home to her heart.

HINDOO FESTIVAL.

A missionary in South India writes of a festival which he saw in the Telugu country :

"Early in the morning the people came flocking from all parts to a quiet country district, where in a grove of trees near to the river bank stands an old ruined temple sacred to the Hindu god Siva. They are about to celebrate the Sivatra, a sort of day of atonement. Loosing their long hair, and taking off their upper garments, the men and women step into the river, each person led by two priests. The priests mutter a few hurried words, and then pour a mug or two of the river water on their heads. In this way they believe their sins are washed away, but there is no prayer for forgiveness, no thought of leading a new life; they only suppose that now they are free to do as they please till the next day of atonement comes round. Before the priests will lead the bathers out of the water, they ask to be paid for their work, and if they do not get as much as they want, they set up such a shrieking and disputing, that their victim is glad to give anything if only he may escape. Shivering in his wet clothes, he then rushes to the temple. At the doorway are a number of lamps consisting of little mud saucers with wick and oil ; these are for sale, and each worshipper is expected to buy one of the lamps, and offer it with some money to the stone idol inside the temple. Bowing to the idol, the Hindu lays this offering at its feet, and then hurries off to the bazaar or fair ; for the act of atonement is over now, and he can give himself up to amusement. Peddlers, fortune-tellers, singers, dancers, have come together to make money by the festival, and the whole day is spent in buying, selling, and gambling.

CHINA—Peking.

Extracts of Letters from MISS COLBURN.

HOPES FOR CHINA.

August.—This is our third month in Peking. Study and household duties amid these new and foreign scenes have absorbed our time. With our teacher in Chinese we are reading the Gospel of St. John. Last Sabbath, at the English Legation Chapel, we heard the Rev. Mr. Douglass, a revivalist preacher from England. We are preparing ourselves for great usefulness while we are gaining fresh experiences.

September.—We learn that the future of China never seemed so hopeful as at present. An ambassador is to be sent this year to England. Appearances indicate that the day is not distant when this city will be in direct telegraphic communication with the outside world. The call for educated girls is constantly increasing; young men who go out to hold responsible positions in the government, as well as those who become missionary helpers, demand educated wives.

October.—New truths are dawning upon the mind of our Chinese teacher. While reading with us for the first time the Story of the Cross, his words and appearance expressed the deepest interest. The assurance of Peter that he would not forsake Jesus, called forth his admiration. Then his denial surprised and shocked him; afterward he was intensely moved at his repentance. He attended service last Sabbath, and for the first time listened to a service in his own tongue.

This week our women and children met in their teacher's room, and she conducted a prayer-meeting for the first time. There were only Chinese present. She recommended all to own Christ publicly. This teacher of our school is an earnest seeker after the truth.

Once a week there is a gathering in Miss North's room, when she explains the Scriptures, and the children's voices are heard in prayer. Thus the Spirit is moving in our little sphere of influence, and we rejoice in the gracious presence.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Douw.

A CHOSEN VESSEL.

I brought Lansing to Chefoo for her health, as our medical adviser considered it the only chance for her life. She enjoyed the change very much, and at first seemed to improve, but the last month she has been steadily running down, till in all human probability we cannot expect her to live.

The dear child is full of faith and patience, and is ready to go or stay. She is anxious to return to Peking to talk to her great-aunt, her only relative, about Jesus, and prays much for her. She did good missionary work the last time she visited her, but I much fear she will not see her again. She spends the days in my room and Changma takes care of her at night; to-day she felt too weak to be carried over.

CHINESE BELIEF.

There are three religions professed by the Chinese. The Emperor of China is the head of the State religion, which is called Confucianism; there is no separate order of priests, but the Emperor and magistrates conduct its ceremonies. Confucius, a teacher who lived more than two thousand years ago, gathered together many wise laws and teachings, which were written in nine great books by himself or his disciples; and these are studied by every scholar in China to this day. There is nothing in his books about sin or forgiveness, about God or Heaven. He did not pretend to understand anything of a life beyond the grave, and he never cared for his disciples to speak about the unseen world. "Reverence the gods," he said, "but keep at a distance from them." He believed that man's heart is naturally good, and that we can win heaven by our good conduct here. "Be loyal to your Emperor, filial to your parents, perform all your duties, and you will win heaven's joy." But for the heart that knows it has sinned, and longs for peace, Confucius had no comfort. "If you sin," he taught, "there is no place for prayer." Confucius did not encourage his followers to worship images, and never claimed to be more than a human teacher, but temples are built in every Chinese town in his honor, and the people offer incense and prayers before tablets on which his name is written.

JAPAN—Yokohama.

Extracts of Letters from MRS. PIERSON.

SPIRITED MEETINGS.

The school and Home are full to overflowing; not a vacant seat in the school-room, and the dear scholars are busy and happy. It would rejoice your heart still more to attend our prayer-meeting, particularly our social Thursday evening meeting. There the girls have perfect freedom to speak, pray, or sing, as prompted by the Spirit. There are no awkward pauses, there is no effort to sustain the interest; it is with each one an outgoing of the heart in earnest praise, petition, or address. The dear girls are learning to lean upon Jesus, and to trust Him for everything.

The people of Kanagawa, about five miles distant, sent an invitation to me to hold meetings at their settlement. It is so far that the meetings are only held regularly once in two weeks, but they are well attended, many of the people being Christians. It requires much study for these meetings, as I give them a discourse on some Bible topic. There is always deep interest evinced by profound silence and attention. There are several other meetings which I hold during the week at Yokohama, and another on Sunday in a neighboring settlement.

SOWING SEED BY THE WAYSIDE.

In Hakone, during my vacation, the Lord gave me an opportunity of speaking to some poor souls of home and heaven, of Jesus and His love. We were all resting by the way in a Japanese house, where there were many inmates. My heart went out to them in pity. Briefly as possible I related the story of the creation, fall and redemption of man. The audience listened respectfully, and before we left, I gave them some books, and trust that the Holy Spirit may teach them the Way of Life.

We have been solicited many times to go to Tamauaku, and we decided to go there. From the time of our arrival until very late at night, many came to us desiring to know the Truth. Mr. Ono and I held three meetings, and it was a day of blessed labor.

I was so glad that they could understand me. In the morning twenty-five or thirty pilgrims, passing that way, came in and listened in respectful silence for more than one hour. In the afternoon all the children came, with some adults. We taught them the Lord's prayer. I had brought some little gifts for them, with which they were delighted.

Last Sunday evening ten Christian Japanese who are stopping at the various springs in this vicinity, assembled here, and we had a delightful prayer-meeting. The elder of Mr. Carruthers' church addressed us upon that text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." I ventured to talk a little in Japanese to these Christian young men. The next morning one of the young men brought me some fresh flowers, saying "that he thanked God, and was glad that I could speak to them in Japanese, and that he wanted to tell me so." This brought tears to my eyes, and a song of praise to my lips at this beautiful tribute, which so much encouraged me in my feeble efforts.

THE WEAK STRENGTHENED.

October.—I am still holding meetings among the natives when and wherever I can. These average about seven in a week. Some nine or ten months since, I commenced visiting a family at a cake shop in a Japanese town. The man was elderly and feeble in health. He worshipped idols, and prayed to them daily for restored health. He commenced business on a small scale, but did not understand cake or money making, and he became sick and discouraged. The Winter setting in coldly, he was obliged to remove from the house, as it was a very open and uncomfortable one. He could not continue the business, and sold out his stock, scarcely knowing what to do. I have continued visiting his wife, who is much younger than he. At last, among acquaintances, I raised for him about ten dollars, and he began business again, but he found it difficult to keep up on the profit of small sales. I went to see him, and he was feeling very low-spirited. I said to him, "You believe in the true God, and that He cares for you?" "Yes," he replied, "but if He cares for me, why am I so poor and troubled?" I said, "Have you ever asked the true God to give you

what you need?" "No!" he replied. Then I told him to ask Him to supply all his wants, and He would do whatever was best for him. That evening our scholars had a prayer-meeting in my room, and I told them about the sick man, requesting them to pray for him. Two or three days afterwards, a gentleman was talking to me, and said, "I have left off smoking, and mean to give that money to some charitable object. Do you know any poor Japanese family who would be glad of it?" "Yes," I answered, "I know several." So he handed me a five-dollar gold piece to appropriate as I pleased.

I thought immediately of the poor sick man, and that was an answer to his prayer. As I had not made the slightest suggestion to the gentleman who gave the money, it seemed very remarkable. When I visited the sick man, I inquired of him if he had prayed as I requested him to do. He replied in the affirmative. I inquired, too, if he believed God would hear and answer prayer. "Oh," he said, "I want to believe." I then took the money from my pocket-book, and explained to him the manner of the gift; that I had done nothing at all, but that God had inspired that young man's heart to bestow the gift. Then I continued: "Now you must thank God for so kindly and quickly granting your desire." He buried his face in his hands and remained a long time silent. I believe that answer to prayer was the means of his conversion. He has truly passed from darkness into light, from bondage into liberty, and is a new man in Christ Jesus, and has been accepted as a candidate for baptism. I am thankful to say that the Lord has not only blessed him spiritually, but temporally, as he is now teaching Japanese. He has a very comfortable home, and is very grateful for it.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Crosby.

October 25th.—The school is to have a treat on Wednesday, in going to see the diorama and panorama of the American war. The manager has kindly offered to admit them free, and they will no doubt enjoy it exceedingly, as it will all be so new to them. A new scholar came on Saturday, and we have applications from three more.

Extracts of Letters from Mrs. True.

EFFORTS IN VACATION.

Kanoyan, Aug. 9th.—The scenery of this place is quite beyond my description. The combination of hills, covered with dark green foliage of varied hues, with valleys clothed in exquisite green ; the rice-fields, and in full view the bay with foreign shipping, and the native sailing-vessels in the distance, form a picture to please an artist. That is one side of the picture—now for the other. We sleep on "futoons," or quilts, spread on the floor. We have a table, but it is so constructed that to sit near enough to reach our food, requires some maneuvering. Our cooking is done over "hibachis," where one thing must be cooked, and set one side to cool, while the next is prepared. We are occupying rooms in a Japanese inn, and are very comfortable. Our great desire in coming here was to be permitted to tell the story of the Cross to those who had not heard it. For two weeks we had meetings every evening, with an attendance of from twenty to thirty. The people could not get together before half-past nine, and that made it very late before we could close, so we decided to relinquish the evening meeting, and do what we could in the daytime.

Many have been to see the "foreigners," and to hear us sing. We have thus been enabled to distribute many tracts and some Gospels, besides personal efforts in other ways. Many prominent government officers, and four priests, have been to see us. Last Saturday we counted seventy-five on our piazza and before our door. That was a much larger number than usual, but it was a feast-day.

GREECE—Athens.

Extracts of Letters from Miss Kyle.

FRESH OPENING.

Sept. 16th.—I do not know what of trial may be before us, but certainly this first day of school has been one of blessing. Seventy pupils were present, much the largest opening we have ever had, and all so happy to return. I feel reproached for my anxiety; God is so much better to me than my fears.

I love these people, and sympathize with them in their desire to see Empire restored, though I feel how vain is their hope without some better basis of national prosperity than now exists. I pray and wait for the day when Greece shall learn that only righteousness exalteth the people. Is not the fact that so many people desire a truly Christian education for their children most encouraging? They are looking for one thing—God may be preparing for them something far better than they think.

More and more work resolves itself into such harmony of purpose and desire, as to lose the element of drudgery altogether. That will be the joy of heaven—activity without friction.

Sept. 29th.—In the third week of school, we have one hundred pupils. Mrs. Fluhart, the missionary you have sent to join our mission work, takes a class in English reading and dictation, and instructs the three boarding-pupils better than I had time for. She sings, too, with the girls. If some rich friend would only send us a melodeon for the school-room, it would be a great attraction and real help. All will come in good time, however.

Reports from Bible-Readers and Schools.

INDIA.

I HAVE begun to work as a Bible-woman, and went to the Karen-pur village, where I found two Bengali women, and I said to them, "If you like to read, I will be very glad to come and teach you." One of them said, "Yes, I would like so much to learn, but I am sorry I cannot, being an invalid." The other said, "If we wish to read we can study our own language, for there are many books published in Bengali; we have no time, but if we had, that would be enough for us." I sat and talked with them some time.

I visited a woman to whom I had often before told the love of Jesus, but she had paid no heed, her mind being on this one subject: "That the day the Lord changes my heart and puts in it that I should become a Christian, I will turn to Him and be His." On my way to her house, I thought perhaps she had changed her mind by this time. When I reached there she received me very gladly. After a little conversation I found her still unchanged. I said to her, "The Lord is calling you, He has sent me to tell you that to-day He stands with open arms ready to receive you, so come to Him now, to-morrow may be too late." To this she replied, "Well, as the Lord has put it in your heart to come and give me this news, why does He not put it in my heart to believe and accept it?" I talked with her for nearly two hours, but alas, she still clings to her old idea. She is a very rich woman, so the Brahmins do not allow her to hear the Word of God. May the dear Lord open her eyes that she may see her own unworthiness, and that she may come to Him and be saved. To-day as I was walking by the way-side, I saw a house, at the door of which a good number of women were sitting. Seating myself I said, "You are doing nothing, but I have come to work, so now come and hear the Word of God." They said then, "Very good," and prepared to listen to me. Accordingly I opened my Bible and read to them the story of the Flood. I told them that Jesus was the Ark, and whosoever comes to Him shall be saved. One of the women said, "But who is Jesus?" I then told them the beautiful story of the blessed

Saviour, beginning with His wonderful birth, and ending with His painful death and glorious resurrection. They listened with great attention, and when I rose to go, begged me to come again.

Vadivalu, the Thief.

There lived some years ago, in a country district of Tinnevelly, a gang of robbers whose chief was the dread and torment of the neighborhood. All the mischief done for miles round could be traced to Vadivalu and his followers. He was so well-known as an evil-doer that any villagers who had a spite against their neighbors would hire him to carry out their ill-wishes. But, while the villagers made use of the robber, they dreaded his very name.

We should have said that nothing could be done with such a man but to shut him up and prevent his doing any more harm; but the great God, who was looking down on this sad, evil life, had other thoughts for him. Vadivalu was passing one day through Palamcotta with some cattle when one of his bullocks was hurt, and he was obliged to wait till it could be cured. His halting-place was a mission-station, and a Christian woman, who knew about his life, was brave enough to tell him that his evil ways would lead him to destruction, but if he would ask Jesus Christ to forgive him, and to make his heart clean, he would be saved. He did not seem to notice her words much, but, being kept some time at Palamcotta, he went to the Church there more than once, and God opened his heart that he attended to the words spoken.

You may imagine how great was the surprise of the villagers when he went home and said he meant to be a Christian. They thought he must be speaking in mockery, but when he asked before long to be baptized, they could doubt him no longer.

Vadivalu has continued for some years a happy, faithful Christian. When last we heard of him he was with his little grandchild, whom he brought to Church that he might learn about the Saviour, "for," he said, "if God had mercy on me, the greatest sinner in Tinnevelly, won't He have mercy on this little one?"

Home Department.

Return Home.

With great thankfulness we announce that our dear Mrs. Pruyn arrived in Albany Nov. 12th, with health much improved. We give below, extracts from letters written on shipboard and at San Francisco.

I left Yokohama on the 26th of September. In leaving the dear home and the cherished work and fellow-workers there, I have passed through one of the severest trials of my life, and have had need of stronger faith than I ever experienced before. Blessed be God, He did supply all my need, and enabled me to cast all my care upon Him, so that the last few weeks was a season of most rich and precious experience of the keeping power of Jesus. I felt such a confidence in the real unity of our household, that I would not for a moment admit the thought that my leaving would work disadvantageously for the interests of the Home. I must mention the tender love expressed for myself by each one of the dear sisters with whom I have been associated, by every one of the scholars, and, if possible, more still by all the servants of our family. This widened out into a circle that took in all the Christian friends of the whole community, both native and foreign, and even reaching to Yedo. The love thus received has been a real compensation to me for the years of isolation from those so dear in the home-land.

San Francisco, Oct. 19, '75.—Most grateful am I to find myself on the shores of my own beloved country. I reached here on Sunday evening, but I have felt too exhausted by the voyage to do more than rest. I have no doubt the sea-sickness will prove a real benefit in the end, but I must take time to realize the gain I have made.

I long so much to tell of the goodness and mercy that have crowned our days in the dear Home, and I feel such a desire to stir up the hearts of others to take up that work with new faith and zeal. I addressed a meeting in San Francisco, and also in Chicago, and although I spoke for nearly two hours, I was obliged to abbreviate a great deal, and leave unsaid much that was important. May God use me abundantly for His cause.

Picture of Hindoo Widowhood.

Miss Brittan sends us the following from an Indian paper:—"The Officiating Coroner of Calcutta held an inquest on Wednesday last, touching the death of a native woman, named Srimati Kumari Dasi, a young widow, who was reported by the police to have put an end to her life by taking a large quantity of opium. From the evidence of the brother of the deceased, it appeared that he found her insensible and groaning at about three A. M. of Monday last, and that, after informing the inmates of the house of the circumstance, he went for a doctor. In the meantime the police, having received information, arrived at the house, and found two letters written in Bengali and a glass containing some opium, both of which had been secreted under a pillow. The witness returned with a doctor at five A. M., and saw the police remove his sister to the hospital, she being still alive. She, however, expired three or four hours after admission. She could read and write Bengali, and the letters were in her handwriting. She was a pardanashin, and had no quarrel with any one. The letters, which were produced and read, and which indicate the miseries of a life of perpetual widowhood, run as follows:—'I, Shrimati Kusam Kumari, possessing two Government promissory notes of Rs. 500 each, do bequeath them to my sister Kadam. She can do what she likes with them. I have sold all my jewels, and bought these papers. I give her these of my own free will. I also leave one neck chain to my brother's wife; and all my other possessions, house included, to my mother. I have Rs. 140 in the house. Pay out of this the actual expenses of my funeral, and give the

balance to my mother. I have some ornaments mortgaged for Rs. 40. What shall I say to other people? Where my mind is, there I am going.' [The deceased here expresses deep grief for the loss of her husband.] 'What is the use of my living? It is not my intention to go astray, and what is the use of my life? The Hindoo religion is very bad in giving early marriage.' [She here pathetically bids farewell to her mother, and, in doing so, quotes a Bengali proverb in verse, which, owing to its being conceived in grandiloquent phrases, did not seem to be understood by the jury.] 'Mother, I leave thee in sorrow! Forgive all my misgivings. I am going long before my time. I could not ask forgiveness in words, and therefore do so in writing. I was destined to die in this manner. Let no one grieve for me. I am fated thus to die. It is no one's fault. Mother, on account of me, no one liked you, but now every one will worship you. My aunt, who took care of me, is worth her weight in gold. Take care of her. I am sorry I cannot take leave of her as I ought. Such has been my fate.' [Here she earnestly prays to God to forgive her sins, and save her soul from going to hell. She then begs to be excused for the mistakes in her writing, and craves a patient hearing.] 'I who have taken poison, am in a bad state of mind. There is no grief greater to any one than that of a Hindoo widow. I was only fourteen years and five months when I was married, and am now only eighteen. I see no reason for suffering distress of mind any longer. Why has God made me a woman, and why should I suffer so much? On account of shame which may hereafter befall me, I am giving up my life. I have not known happiness even one day since my marriage, and I am therefore giving up my life. I have bought opium through the hands of the little children, one and two pice worth at a time, and had accumulated one rupee and five pice worth, which I have taken. I did not send for more through fear of being detected. I have taken nothing more. Show this to all my friends.' On the envelope was written, 'No one should read this during my lifetime, but after my death.' The letter was signed by her."

New Testament in Colleges of India.

A MISSIONARY in India writes: "During my last tour on the north bank of the Brahmaputra, I spent the night at a flourishing Government school. After examining several classes, the Pundit said to me that a very large book had been sent for the use of the school, which he would like me to see. I inquired what the book was about. 'Oh!' said he, 'it tells about a great flood of waters; the world perished, only a few survived in a great ship; and many more interesting things.' By this time one of the boys of the school had brought it from the Pundit's house to show me, when I found it was one of the Calcutta Bible Society's large Bengali Bibles, that had been placed in the Government schools. This gave me a grand opportunity of explaining to them that it was God's book—His letter to man—the Shaster of all Shasters—the source of true knowledge. Therefore, kind friends had placed it within their reach, that they might study it and know about the great God.

"A day or two after I came to the celebrated shrine of Hazoo, which was founded by one of the old Assam kings, and endowed with a large grant of land. Multitudes visit this shrine from every quarter. At the very foot of the brick steps leading to the temple, I found another Government school. After examining the higher classes, the Pundit handed me the Bible, and said the children and many people read it."

This letter resulted in the appointment of a committee to consider the practicability of introducing into the Government schools copies of the Bible.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Province gave a favorable reply to the application: "The Government has promised to forward, at the expense of the Department, all Bibles and Testaments sent for the higher class schools and colleges in Bengal."

England's Daughters for India's Need.

On the day when the Prince of Wales left England to pay his state visit to our Indian Empire an unpretending ceremony took place at the Conference Hall, Mildmay, which may be fraught with more important issues to that far-famed land, though neither heralded by trumpets nor chronicled by the daily press. This event was the leave-taking of nine English ladies who have given themselves to mission work in connection with the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society.

If we glance but a moment at the subject of our national responsibility in reference to India, and if we allow ourselves to contemplate the sad condition of our heathen sisters—the women, the wives, the mothers—of that mighty empire, we must unitedly rejoice at the fact that nine of our own countrywomen have been moved as by one impulse to go forth together that they may proclaim to them the story of a Saviour's love.

Rev. H. C. Milward reminded the missionaries of the wonderful privilege they would have in carrying the bread of life to some of the fifty millions of the women of India who were perishing for the lack of it. The circumstances of the times were favorable. The Government had so far recognized the importance of Christian missions as to speak highly, in a published official document, of the quarter of a million of Christian converts in that land. The difficulties they would have to contend with were great, but there was a full supply of grace treasured up in Christ.

Miss C. M. Tucker, better known as "A. L. O. E.," is going entirely at her own expense to Umritzur.—*Selected.*

DIED,

IN PHILADELPHIA, ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 4TH,

MISS MARY A. BOARDMAN.

Swiftly the fatal arrows are flying among us; the dearest and the best are falling.

Scarcely have we realized our heavy loss in the Calcutta Home, when another from our very midst is called away; another whom we thought we could not spare—our honored guide, our lamented President; one to whom we looked for counsel and support—whose name and influence was a silent, but constant and mighty power in our behalf. Not in the promise and vigor of youth was she called away, but in the rich maturity of a consecrated life, with graces refined and developed by experience, and a heart all aglow with love and zeal for the Master—in the evening of life—in the golden sunset of a beautiful day.

With a large and sympathetic heart, and a liberal Christian faith, she was always quick and generous to respond to every appeal of want and suffering, and many have been blessed and enriched in the quiet ministry of her daily life. Few have accomplished so much in such an unobtrusive way, few have been so forgetful of self, and so ready to spend and be spent in the service of the Master. Richly endowed in mind and heart, her all was consecrated to Him. For such "to die is gain"—the loss is all our own, and we mournfully exclaim, "Who will fill the vacant chair?"

[*Com. by Phila. Branch.*]

Mission-Band Department.

What a Little Bird saw in Japan.

BY MRS. M. T. TRUE.

I WENT to a picnic the other day. I do not know just how it came about, except that I sat on my perch feeling very lonely, and wondering what my mistress had been so excited about, when she sat near my cage. Suddenly a lady came into the room, and walked right up to where my house was hanging, and said, "Charlie, you may go to the picnic as well as your mistress." Then she took my house down from the hook, and carried it out into the yard, and asked a man with funny hair and clothes, to hang it on a branch of a tree that stood near.

He tied a long string to the roof of my house, and then climbed the tree, and fastened it out near the end of a slender branch. I heard him say to the lady, "The cat runs up this tree, and she will get Charlie if I do not hang his cage low." After I was sure all was safely fixed, I began to look around, and I think the sights I saw would make the birds in America jump around more nimbly than I did, for I had seen many of the pretty candies and bright flowers before, but I had never seen so long a table with so many candies and cakes, and grapes and persimmons, and I wondered what would be done with them all. I felt sure that all the birds in Japan could not eat so much.

Just as I was puzzling my small head about that, I heard a great scampering, and laughing, and a crowd of children, large and small, came pouring out of the house. Just then my mistress caught sight of me, and jumping and clapping her hands wildly, she shouted, "My Charlie has come to the pic-

nic; oh, I'm so glad! so glad!" That made me feel quite at home, and I began to notice very carefully all that was done, so that I might know how to behave if I should be invited another time.

I began to wonder whether my yellow coat looked well, for I saw that all the girls had bright red and blue and green silk fastened in their hair, and around their waists, and some of them had on very pretty clothes, and there were several ladies and gentlemen sitting a little way off, beside those who were playing with the children. Soon I heard a lady say, "I think the girls are hungry by this time," and then they all sat down, some on chairs and benches, and some on the grass, and I heard them say:

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from Heaven."

And then how busy all the ladies were, carrying bread and cake and candy, and how happy all the children were! I did not see one sad face; all were so kind and so ready to help each other, that I thought the stories I had heard about cross and unkind children must have been untrue.

After awhile some of the little girls thought I would like to try their cake, and they began to put it in my house; but I could not eat it when they were there, for although I knew they were kind little girls, I trembled very much when I saw them so near. When they saw that, they ran away, and I found their cake very sweet and nice. Soon after that the man who had put my house there, came and took it down, and carried it back to its old place. It was bedtime, and I was glad to get back to my old home, although I am sure I shall be glad when I hear that there is to be another picnic.

CHARLIE.

A little girl who has read this, says, "Please tell them it was Annie True's Charlie that went to the picnic."

The Picture-Book Party.

Last Saturday I had a lovely company in my room. I had told Annie that if she would write invitations to the girls in "Miss Guthrie's Children's House," she might have a little party. She wrote the twenty-seven in due form, and they were all accepted. I had collected pamphlets and illustrated papers, and all the scissors and shears in the place to amuse the children in making picture-books. Waka made a dish of paste for me, and we brought in the hall table and one from the dining-room, and stools enough for the whole company. The excitement ran high when they heard what was to be the "order of the day," and I doubt if any children enjoyed a treat more than they did this. They cut pictures and poetry, stories, and letters for names, and some of them displayed much taste in arranging their books. All pictures are in demand now.

At half-past four they all went out on the grounds for a frolic, and the older girls helped me to put refreshments on the table. Then they came in, and with remarkable decorum, took their places around the room, and after returning thanks, the larger girls passed the food in a very orderly way.

The whole affair was very pleasant, and I think some useful lessons were taught. While they were cutting papers, a new girl came from Tokio. She seemed to be quite amazed at first, but soon made herself at home. M. T. True.

The Quiet Baby.

Not long after I arrived on Mission ground in Andovoranto, than I found the women visited me in large numbers. They were very anxious that I should teach them to sew, even before I could speak to them in their own language. They said, "If you will teach us to sew, we will teach you to talk." Thus it happened that I very soon had a fine sewing class on three afternoons in

every week. I was agreeably surprised to see a poor deformed woman come to the class. She took her place with the rest, and I was soon amused in observing their clumsy attempts to thread and manage their needles. With some it was evident that if they persevered they would soon work easily and neatly.

Presently we heard the cry of an infant, and yet I saw no child in the room, except the little school girls who were all looking quite happy and intent on their work. The cry increased; certainly there is a hungry or a sleepy baby somewhere; the women too began to talk about "zaza," which I know means a child. They were looking towards our deformed friend, who was rocking herself to and fro, and proceeded to take something from under her cloth behind her back. Yes, actually, it was a child; the hunch on her back turned out to be a baby! and at the same time her figure was marvellously improved. I could not help laughing, and I thought what a good, contented little baby that must be, to remain so quietly tied to its mother's back without seeming to incommode her in the least. Wherever she went she carried her baby, and the only slight disadvantage is, that it has just the look of a very large hump on her back.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Julia Onderluys, by Mission Band "Little Women," Baltimore, Md.
Miss Mary England, " " " " " " "
Caroline Duncan Miller, by Mrs. D. J. Ely, New York City.
Miss Ella Smith, by "Woman's Missionary Society," Millstone, N. J.
Miss Florence N. Lattin, by Mission Band "Rhinebeck Gleaners," Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Miss Sarah Kittredge, by the "Zenana Society," Haverhill, Mass.
Mrs. A. S. Train, " " " " "
Miss Mary Frances Lancaster, " " " "
Miss Frances Larned, by the " " " "
Mrs. Albert Palmer, " " " " "
Miss Mary Hosford, " " " " "

New Life Members by Chicago Branch.

Mrs. H. P. Merriman, by Mrs. O. F. Avery.
Miss Mary R. Windett, by Mrs. James L. Reynolds.

MISSION BOXES.

We gratefully acknowledge from the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., useful articles for Miss Brittan's work, viz.: papers, cards, mottoes, patch-work, canvass and worsteds, aprons, sacques, skirts, and strips of prints.

From the "Pittsburgh Branch of the Zenana Mission," a box of articles for Miss Brittan's work.

From Miss C. B. Smith, Lenni Mills, Del., a box for Miss Brittan's work, viz.: Sixty-six yards of calico, canton flannel, chromos, a large picture of the Centennial building, 1 dozen stereoscopic views, tracts, and hymn-books, book-marks, dolls, toilet cushions, aprons, crochet needles, zephyr for worsted-work.

NEW MISSION BANDS.

"Successful Workers," Amherst, Mass., Miss Bessie Seelye.

RECEIPTS *of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, from Oct. 1st to Dec. 1st,* 1875.

Branch Societies & Mission Bands

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, "Successful Workers," proceeds of Fair by nine little girls, for school in Allahabad, per Miss Bessie Seelye..... $100 00

CONNECTICUT.

Guilford, "Lily Mission Band," in part proceeds of Fair, of which 50 for Calcutta and 50 for Yokohama, per Miss Sarah Brown..... $100 00
Hamburg, "Hamburg Band," Miss E. M. Griffin, Treas., per Mrs. Z. S. Ely..... 49 04
Norwalk, "Mayflower Band," per Miss C. E. Raymond, for Calcutta. 20 00
So. Norwalk, "Calcutta Band," Miss Eliza G. Platt, Treas..... 81 25

$250 29

NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany Branch, Mrs. Frederick Townsend, Treas. (See items below.)..... $676 97
Brooklyn, "Scudder Band," Miss Dora B. Robinson, Pres..... 116 50
"Ivy Vine Band," per Mrs. Hugh Allen..... 50 00
"Zenana Mission" of St. Peter's Church, viz.: Miss Delroche, 1, Mrs. Turner, 4, Mrs. Wickes, 4, Mrs. Ambler, 1.50, Mrs. James, 1.50, Mrs. Scott, 2, Mrs. H. Aubrey Clark, 10, Miss Gardener, 10, Donation, by Mrs. Clark, 5, Miss Ball, 2, Mrs. Goodwin, 10, Mrs. Dr. Paddock, 10, Miss E. Fowler, 1, Mrs. H. G. Nichols, 30, Miss Winchell, 2, Mr. H. G. Nichols, 5, Mr. J. W. Nichols, 5, Mrs. J. Walker, 4, Mrs. A. Burroughs, 1, Miss Berard, 5, Mrs. Henry Hagner, 8, Mrs. Dr. Paddock, for Box, 2, Mrs. Dr. Hallett, for Box, 2, Mrs. Fowler, 50c.... 122 50
Canandaigua, "Alice Band," for "Allie Antes," Smyrna, per Miss Kittie M. Antes..... 80 00
Irvington, "Irvington Band," per Mrs. John T. Terry..... 275 00
Rhinebeck, "Rhinebeck Gleaners," to constitute FLORENCE N. LATTIN, Life Member, Miss Ella Baker, Treas..... 25 00
Tarrytown, "Kardoo Band," Miss Augusta See, Treas..... 117 00

$1,462 97

NEW JERSEY.

Chatham, "Oak Ridge Mission Band," per Miss Sarah Wallace, for "Bella," in Calcutta..... $50 00
Hackensack, "Chase Band," per Mrs. Williams, for India..... 26 90
Metuchin, Metuchin Auxiliary, Miss Abbie Thomas, Treas..... 19 32
Newark, Newark Auxiliary, Mrs Dr. E. D. G. Smith, Treas. (See items below.)..... 368 00

$464 22

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia. Phila. Branch, Mrs. Chas. B. Keen, Treas., for "Link," for May, July, and September..... $135 56

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Wom. Un. Miss. Soc., Mrs. S. E. Johnson, Treas., for India..... $21 52

OHIO.

Black Creek, "Persevering Union Band," per Miss Floretta Shields $7 00
Cincinnati, Cincinnati Branch, per Mrs. J. R. Foster, sales of "Kardoo," 13, and "Shoshie," 20..... 33 00

$40 00

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chicago Branch, Mrs. O. F. Avery, Treas. (See items below.) $261 17
Galesburg, "Joteringum Band," Mrs. Edw. Ward, Treas..... 32 00

$293 17

MISSOURI.

St. Louis, St. Louis Auxiliary, Mrs. Jane E. Lewis, Treas.: "Ruth Brank Band," per Mrs. H. N. Davis..... $60 00
Collected by Mrs. S. W. Barber, for Bible-reader in India..... 60 00
Ladies of Walnut St. Church..... 135 00
"Earnest Workers Band."..... 20 00

$275 00

Total from Branch Societies and Mission Bands..... $3,042 73

Other Contributions.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Greenland, Rev. Edward Robie.....$10 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, Mrs. L. P. Hickok.. .....$20 00
Northampton, Miss M. E. Matthews. 3 00

$23 00

NEW YORK.

Geneva, Mrs. R. H. Tuthill.....$5 40
Ithaca, Ladies of Pres. Church, per Miss J. L. Hardy..... .....148 10
New York, Mrs. H. Ireland.....100 00
Mrs. R. W. Dodge, for Mexican Missions..... .. 5 00
Mrs. M.W. Lyon, teacher of 7th Ave. Mission Infant Class 6 00
Miss M. J. Valentine, for India..... 20 00
Mrs. Loring Andrews, subs 20 00
Miss J. Abeel, Collector. 25 00
Annual subscriptions of Miss Annie Boorman,50,Miss Laura Boorman, 50, Mrs. Robert Boorman, 5, Miss Mary Boorman, 5, Mrs. Charles R. Strong, 5.... .....115 00
Mrs. H. Hicks, per Mrs. Daniel Parish... .. .. 50 00
Mrs. S. Cutter, Collector..... 30 00
Mrs. D. J. Ely, for Life Membership of CAROLINE DUNCAN MILLER.... 50 00
Miss Sarah B. Hills, sub..... 10 00
Miss S. D. Doremus, sub..... 20 00
Mrs. Seon, sub 5 00
Mrs. M. N. Slocum..... 5 00
Mrs. Charles E. Whitehead, 5.50, Mrs. A. N. Barney, 5.50, Mrs. Wm. Henry Wells, 5.50, Miss Julia C. Wells,, 5, per Mrs. Wm. Henry Wells 21 50

Tarrytown, "In Memoriam," for "Pele." in Miss Higby's school, Burmah..... 30 00

$666 00

NEW JERSEY.

Allentown, Miss M. E. Beatty, for Dehra School, India.....$30 00

MARYLAND.

Gaithersburg, Miss S. A. Desellum...$1 00
Redland, Mrs. Walter M. Talbott.... 1 00

$2 00

ILLINOIS.

Neponset, Mr. Geo. W. Colman.....$1 00

MISSOURI.

Kirkwood, Mrs. H. E. Worthington, for Miss Brittan to appropriate...$2 00

CALIFORNIA.

South Vallejo, Mrs. Anna C. Wilder, annual sub.....$23 10

Link Subscriptions.

Mrs. Rutherford, 2, Mrs. Z. S. Ely, 2.25, smaller subscriptions, 15.62..$19 87

Total other contributions.....$776 97
Total from Branch Societies and Miss. Bands.....$3,042 73

Total from Oct. 1st to Nov. 1st....$3,819 70

MRS. J. E. JOHNSON, *Asst. Treas.*

RECEIPTS *of Albany Branch.*

The "Hamilton Union Band" of Guilderland, N. Y., by Miss Elizabeth D. Nott, Treas.....$11 69
Mrs. Margaret L. Abbe, being her annual contribution for support of a Bible-reader in Pekin, China..... 70 00
Mrs. Mary A. Miles, for "Link" and postage 60
The "Young People's Society" of the First Reformed Church, by Mrs. A. C. Van Gaasbeck, Sec..... ...104 68
Mrs. Howard Townsend, being her annual subscription..... 50 00
Mrs. Rufus W. Clark, being her annual collection 400 00
Mrs. Maurice E. Viele, for the Mission Band "Cross Bearers," to be applied to the support of Miss Maltby, in Japan..... 20 00
Mrs. Frederick Townsend, being her annual subscription..... 20 00

$676 97

MRS. FREDERICK TOWNSEND, *Treas.*

RECEIPTS *of Newark Branch.*

Mrs. Doriance's Infant Class $25 00
Miss Sarah Wallace's Infant Class and subscribers..... 45 00
A subscriber from 2d Presbyterian Church 25 00
Through Mrs. J. Ward, 2d Pres. Ch., 33, a subscriber 10..... 43 00
North Reformed Church. 103 60
Trinity Church. 66 00
Calvary Church..... 40 00
Woodside..... ..... 20 00
Miss Van Rensselaer, for Link..... 50
Mrs. General Whittlesey, for Link ... 50

$368 00

MRS. E. D. G. SMITH, *Treas.*

RECEIPTS *of the Philadelphia Branch from Oct. 1st to Dec. 1st,* 1875.

Through Mrs. R. C. Matlack: Miss Bunting, 5, "Kardoos," 5.....$10 00
Through Miss M. A. Boardman: Miss Harriet Benson.....100 00
Through Miss A. M. Anable: Miss A. M. Anable, annual sub 20 00
West Chester Auxiliary, Miss Sue Gorgas, Treas.: Epis. Ch., 44, Pres. Ch., 18, Bap. Ch., 10, Methodist Ch., 1..... 44 00
Through Mrs. E. A. Pierce: Mrs. James Fenton, 5, Miss Mary Fox, "Link," 50c. 5 50
Through Miss Dillaye: Miss Bonney, 20, Miss Dillaye, 20. ..... 40 00
Through Miss A. M. Peters: Mrs. J. P. Wetherill, 5, Miss E. K. K. Wetherill, 5, Miss A. M. Peters, 5. 20 00
Through Miss M. A. Longstreth: Mrs. Anna L. Lowry, for education of a child under Miss Brittan, 50, Miss Sarah A. Davidson, 10, Miss M. S. Perkins, 5, do. for "Link," 50c., Mary J. Coburn, 5, do. for "Link." 50c., Mrs. J. M. Hays, 3, do. for "Link," 50c., Mary R. Harris, 2, M. A. Longstreth and Pupil, for "Links," 3.50. 80 00
Deposit made in Calcutta by Miss M. F. Seelye, M. D., Sept. 30, 1874, gold.....250 00
Through Mrs. A. F. Lex: Miss H. S. Biddle 10 00
Through Miss Anable: Miss C. Sheldon, for support of child named Alma Anable, in Mrs. Bennett's school, Rangoon 25 00

$604 50

MRS. C. B. KEEN, *Treas.*

RECEIPTS *of Chicago Branch.*

Mrs. James L. Reynolds, to complete Life Membership of MISS MARY REYNOLDS WINDETT.. .....$26 00
Mrs. A. Jones, Delphi, Ind..... 2 00
Sunday-school of 2d Pres. Church, to support "Clara," in the Orphanage, Calcutta..... 35 00
Mrs. H. Humphrey, support of orphan, Japan..... 13 00
Ladies of Immanuel Pres. Church, Milwaukee, Wis., for child at Yokohama 70 00
A friend in Chicago, for Japan Home. 50 00
Mrs. H. A. Gould, for Japan 5 00
Mrs. N. S. Bouton. " 1 00
Mrs. Martha Smith " 1 00
Mrs. A. D. Ferry, for Japan..... 1 00
Mrs. Byington " 1 00
Mrs. Giles " 1 40
Mr. Russell " 5 00
Mrs. C. Noble, Elizabethtown, Essex Co., N.Y 5 00
Mrs. H. P. Merriman..... 15 00
Mrs. W. C. Gunn, for 1876..... 5 00
Mrs. Gen. Stager, Quarterly payment for Bible-reader, Calcutta 20 00
"Link" subscriptions and postage... 3 52
For "Kardoos."..... 1 25

$261 17

MRS. O. F. AVERY, *Treas.*

Correction.—The total of receipts from Chicago Branch in LINK for November should read, $183.41.

LISTS REPORTED BY COLLECTORS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

NORTHAMPTON.

By Miss M. A. Allen.

Mrs. A. Lyman..... $5 00
" Sam. Parsons 5 00
" L. B. Williams 2 00
" C. G. Starkweather 1 00
" L McIntyre..... 1 00
Miss M. Hubbard..... 2 00
" K. E. Tyler..... 5 00
Mrs. W. Herrick.. ..... 1 00
Miss C. L. Allen..... 1 00
" M. A. Allen..... 1 00
Mrs. S. M. Hodges 2 00
" E. Daniels 1 00
" Josiah Clark.. . ... 3 00
Miss E. A. Warner..... 5 00
Mrs. J. S. Lathrop..... 2 50
" H. Lathrop 1 00
" W. H. Stoddard..... 1 00
" M. Hubbard..... 1 00
" W. S. Leavitt..... 1 00
Miss E. Baker..... 5 00
Mrs. J. D. Kellogg 1 00
" R. Hubbard..... 1 00
" G. Loomis 1 00
" M. M. French..... 5 00
" J. D. Clark 2 00
Miss E. Jewett..... 4 44
Mrs. H. B. Fisk 10 00
" Mary S. Tenney..... 5 00
" M. S. Tenney, for Miss Martha Smith, deceased 5 00
Mr. Justin Smith, for his wife, dec'd 2 00
Mrs. L. Strong..... 10 00
" J. C. Arms 1 00
" W. M. Gaylord..... 5 00
" E. E. Wakefield..... 10 00
" H. Williams 2 00
" E. Slate..... 5 00
Miss Osborne 1 00
A Friend..... 1 00
Mrs. J. H. Butler 5 00
" J. Searle 5 00
" J. Whittelsey..... 2 00

Mrs. C. B. Kingsley	2 00
" J. H. Lyman	5 00
" J. Thayer	1 00
" C. H. Dickinson	2 00
Miss Helen Clark	1 00
Mrs. H. Hinckleys	5 00
" J. P. Williston	5 00
" Harding	2 00
" S. T. Spaulding	2 00
	$154 94

CONNECTICUT.

New Haven.

By Miss A. Lyman.

Mrs. T. D. Wheeler	$10 00
Miss Elizabeth Davenport	5 00
Mrs. Treadwell Ketcham	5 00
" Charles Robinson	20 00
" Apthorp	5 00
Miss Louisa Apthorp	5 00
Mrs. Mary Nicholson	2 00
" Henry Ives	1 00
" Samuel A. Stevens	1 00
" James M. Hoppin	3 00
Miss Lucy Starr	3 00
" Hannah Starr	2 00
Mrs. E. S. Baldwin	5 00
" Irene Larned	5 00
" Wooster Hotchkiss	2 00
" D. S. Bennett	1 00
" Dr. Bronson	5 00
" Frederick Ives	2 75
Miss Theo. M. Wheeler	5 00
Mrs. J. L. Ensign	1 00
" N. W. Merwin	1 00
" H. N. Lyman	1 00
Miss Jennie E. Lyman	1 00
" Josie M. Lyman	1 00
A Friend	5 00
Miss Abbie Lyman	20 00
Mrs. M. A. Beers	1 00
Miss M. A. Marshall	2 00
" M. Eliza Baldwin	1 00
	$123 05

NEW YORK.

Flatbush, L. I.

" *Strong Memorial Band.*"

Collected by Mrs. M. H. Bergen and Miss Charlotte S. Vanderbilt:

Mrs. Henry Lyles	$10 00
Mr. Henry Ditmas	3 00
Mrs. John Ditmas	1 00
" Abraham I. Ditmas	3 00
" John H. Ditmas	3 00
" Wm. Schoonmaker	50
Miss G. V. Schoonmaker	1 00
Mrs. Titus	2 00
" John Vanderveer	1 00
" J. P. Vanderveer	1 00
" W. H. Allgeo	2 00
" B. Van Wyck	2 00
" John Antonides	3 00
Misses Duryee	2 00
Mrs. J. A. Martense	2 00
" Peter Selover	1 50
Mrs. Winship	2 00
" Catharine Wyckoff	50
" Henry Stryker	1 00
" Stephen H. Williamson	1 00
" John Z. Lott	3 00
" Abraham Lott	3 00
Miss Jane Antonides	5 00
Mrs. W. H. Story	5 00
" Cornelia L. Brown	2 00
" Hopkins	1 00
" M. H. Bergen	5 00
Cash	2 00
Miss Annie V. Lott	3 00
" S. E. Schoonmaker	5 00
Mrs. John D. Randolph	1 00
" John A. Lott	10 00
Eliza Zabriskie Lott	5 00
Mrs. J. Erskine Howard	5 00
Miss McLeod	2 00
Mrs. Cornelius Suydam	2 00
" Peter I. Neefus	1 00
Miss Mary Vanderveer	2 00
" Kate Vanderveer	2 00
Mrs. Adrian Vanderveer	1 00
" Wm. Williamson	2 00
" Helen Martense	5 00
" Prince	5 00
Miss Esther J. Martense	5 00
Mrs. A. L. Zabriskie	5 00
" Vanderbilt	5 00
" Ferris	5 00
" J. V. B. Martense	3 00
" Spofford	3 00
" Dr. Zabriskie	3 00
" Dr. Bartlett	3 00
Miss C. S. Vanderbilt	3 00
" Gertrude Lefferts	2 50
" Annie Lefferts	2 50
Mrs. Story	2 00
" Wm. Brown	2 00
Miss Louise G. Zabriskie	2 00
Mrs. Stillwell	1 00
" W. K. Williamson	1 00
" Wm. Allgeo	1 00
" J. Lott Vanderbilt	1 00
" Rhodes	1 00
	$170 50

MRS. J. ERSKINE HOWARD,
Treas.

NEW YORK.

By Miss J. Abeel.

Mrs. A. H. Muller	$5 00
Miss J. A. Hyde	1 00
A Friend	1 00
Mrs. J. C. Calhoun	10 00
Miss Oothout	5 00
" C. H. Isham	5 00
Cash	5 00
Sale of Fancy Articles	10 00
Mr. A. H. Muller	5 00
A Friend, for pictures of Japan Home	5 00
Miss J. Abeel	20 00
" M. H. Drake	25 00
Links	4 00
	$101 00

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